Eccentric Career of the Beautiful American.

"Well, I'll show you that it is," Mrs. Terry

The two serious Englishmen who were

service and both men of title, stared at her

had stepped to a mirror and rearranged

an enigma to her friends during the latter

sponsibility sometimes had serious con-

sequences that made it seem less attractive.

One instance of this kind was noticed not

very long ago, when, to the astonishment of her friends, the singer announced her

eagagement to a man she had known only

Shortly before she announced that she

was engaged to marry this man she held

out one of her beautifully shaped and dain-

Don't you see," she asked of the woman,

The diamond was a superb stone, given

The friend to whom she composedly

"Yes." repeated the singer, "it is gone

It was stolen by the man who is in love with

me. I know it, for he has confessed that he

The woman had known Miss Sanderson

Miss Sanderson said she was not

for many years, and this statement aston-

him or do anything of the kind. She simply

seemed to feel toward him the resentment

of a child against somebody who had taken

A month later she told the same woman

"I can't expect you to congratulate me,

she said, "for I told you once that he was

But she never did so and after a few

During her last visit to the United State

she became en aged to Count Fitzjames

and was to have been married to him on

her return But as he was divorced and

Miss Sanderson was a Roman Catholic,

the engagement was broken. It was said

at the time of her death that she was en-

gaged to Count Leon Tolstoi, a nephew

Miss Sanderson, who had appeared ten-

It was only necessary to announce Miss

all liked at the Opéra Comique, has made

It is a singular commentary on the finan-

in Paris than the majority of those that

attempt to sing there, never earned

enough to pay for the costumes she wore.

Of course she dressed with exceptional

to have spent most of t e little fortune

that remained to them in the struggle

to pay her expenses until her marriage

with Antonio Terry made it possible for

Miss Sanderson had a very small operation

reportoire, and until she came to the United

States she had sung only n French She

sang in "Thais," "Le Mage" and "Phryne

and in "Rigoletto," "Romeo et Juliette

and "Faust " All but the Massenet onerse

she had sung at the Théatre de la Monnaie

That engagement followed her first seaso

at the Opera Com'que and she was only

25 then. It was during the year at Brus-

sels that her name was first connected

with public matters outside of her own

When the Crown Prince of Belgium died

mysteriously there was a cloud of scandal

ferred with her professional career, pre-vented her appearance. She was just then absorbed in extricating herself from an engagement to marry the Count Fitzjames.

Her funeral services in Paris the other

day showed the esteem in which she was held by colleagues who had a better oppor-tunity than anybody else to learn her real qualities. Of her charity and kindness

there was never a question.

It was a coincidence that both she and her husband died under the age of 40, and both of the same complaint—hardening of the liver—and both had so much to live for. It was truly said of both that they were their only enemies.

her to pay them herself.

of the novelist

nev r grew cold

Paris public

in Brussels.

weeks her interest in this unusual kind of

that she had decided to marry this man.

to her by Antonio Terry at the time of their

marriage. It was said to be worth \$5,000.

tily kept hands to one of her friend.

my beautiful solitaire is gone?"

ment.

took it and sold it."

Miss Sanderson became somewhat of

with unconcealed amazement. When she

the wig she looked as beautiful as ever.

Sanderson sang for the last time that she didn't even know that the hair was false and wouldn't believe that such a in the United States, but not in New York. Her farewell performance was in Philathing was true delphia. She had sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in the preceding week. Her appearance there was made not as Manon, the character she had sung more than 300 aswered, as she selzed the top part of the wig and lifted it from her head, revealing only a few wisps of hair on the top. times, but as Juliette. present, both of them high in the diplomatic

A great deal depended upon that performance for the American prima donna. She had not been successful on her previous visit to this country and her tour throughout the country had not been in the nature of a triumph.

She complained that she was suffering the fate of the prophet in his own country. | years of her life, and her delightful irre-Her contract called for only one appearance at the Metropolitan, so it was of the utmost importance to Miss Sanderson that she should put her best foot forward on this

The Saturday of the matinee was cold and overcast. Snow threatened and coat collars were turned up high. Most of the principal singers at the opera house arrive early when they are going to sing—some-times two and a half hours before the curtain rises.

At a quarter to 2 there was no sign of Miss Sanderson. The call boy went to her dressing room to give the quarter of an hour warning. He received no answer. Pushing open the door he found that

the singer was not there. Her maid had been there and all the preparations for her arrival had been made. The costumes were in readiness and the cosmetics were spread over the table. Then the maid had gone out to look for her mistress.

When the word went round that the prima donna had not even arrived, consternation prevailed on the stage. Messhed her. sengers were started breathless to the going to have the man arrested or dismiss singer's hotel, while the telephone bells rang nervously.

In the midst of this excitement one of the doormen brought word that there was a a toy. strange lady at the wrong entrance to the opera house who might be Miss Sanderson. It was she. In a beautiful gown, cut low in the neck and covered with a sable cloak that was not even buttoned at the collar a thief. But he was very sorry and I have the prima donna was scolding her cabman | decided that I will be much happier if I for having brought her to the wrong en- marry him."

The cold wind blew her skirts about her feet and the snow was falling. But she lover waned. was standing with her neck bare, talking as unconcernedly as if she were in the mild

trance.

"Miss Sanderson, do come in!" called the stage manager. "We had Just notified Mile. Seygard to come and sing your part. Do hurry in.

"Is it so late?" inquired the soprano with her most engaging smile. "I had no idea

So the performance began half an hour late. The intermission after the first act lasted for nearly an hour because Miss Sanderson had taken cold while she was standing on the sidewalk, and had to have a physician to treat her throat so that she could finish the opera. This last appearance was typical of many occasions on which it was important for her to do her

Miss Sanderson's last days were made comfortable by one reward. She had from | Sanderson's protégée the Scotch-Ameri-Antonio Terry's estate an income which | can ringer Mary Garden, who is now so enabled her to live comfortably: that is to may, as comfortably as any woman so extravagant as she was ever could. Her debts before her marriage were very large, and these, singularly enough, her husband

refused to pay. He said that she should have everything she wanted that her money could provide after she had become his wife, but he refused to pay any of the debts contracted before her marriage. So she always had the thought of those obligations to worry her, although that never restrained her extravagance.

There was always in France a very exaggerated impression as to the value of the Terry fortune and it was placed much higher among the millions than it belonged. So the beautiful American, whose taste in dress was exquisite, had all the credit she wanted with the Paris scamstresses.

Her costumes as Monon were always beautiful and she wore in New York a superb diamond chain that fell to her knees. Somebody was bold enough to ask her once at dinner in New York if the diamonds were genuine. "Of course not," she answered, with the

body who tried to be her enemy or hold her responsible for any of her peculiarities, they could not possibly be real diamonds. swfully rich to accumulate as many as that." But as a matter of fact they were real diamonds and Antonio Terry had given

beautiful smile that always won over every-

them to her just before they sailed on the same steamer for New York. When her Paris creditors realized that

Mrs. Terry was not going to pay the debts contracted before her marriage they began to attach her salary wherever she sang in Paris. So that it happened that for her recent appearances there she received practically nothing. The salary went to the dressmakers who were always so willing to give her credit.

It was certainly true that her name was on the least pretext dragged into all kinds of stories. The last of these referred to her attempted suicide at Budapest, and she and her family vehemently denied it.

During her brief career Miss Sanderson was extravagantly generous with all the persons to whom she took a fondness. And she was absolutely free from jealousy of her colleagues, even when their success was much greater than her own.

One of the singers in the Grau company when Miss Sanderson made her second visit to this country had been a fellow student of hers in Paris. This woman now stands in the front rank of the world's angers. Miss Sanderson often contrasted For this reason she lost in a measure her enthusiasm for appearing in Paris, even when she felt well enough. It was only a few months before her death that she petitioned the courts to prevent her creditors from continuing their attempts to seize her income and to compel them to be satisfied with a certain share of it.

now stands in the front rank of the world's a ngers. Miss Sanderson often contrasted their careers: but it was with regret for herself and admiration for her friendnever with envy or rancor. Such a disposition in an artist is rare.

After she returned to Paris from this country a year ago in January, destined never to appear in public again, Miss Sanderson was invited to come back once more to the heart of the public that continued so loyal to her. She was to sing at the Opéra Comique in Raynaldo Hohn's "La Carmélite." It was three years ago that Miss Sanderson lost so much hair as the result of illness, worry and hot crimping irons that she was compelled to have her head shaved and take to a wig. But few persons would have known that it was a wig. It was at a dinner in Paris that she showed her contempt for any prejudice against wear-"La Carmélite."

Possibly it was just as well that she could not accept this engagement, since the opera turned out a complete failure. But at the time it seemed a misfortune that her affairs of the heart, which had so much inter-

ing other persons hair.

The dinner was formal and among the guests were several persons of exalted social position, whose sense of their personal dignity was increased by the fact that they were English. Miss Sanderson, or Mrs. Terry as she was called in social life, was one of the party. She was in mourning for her husband, wore white that evening and looked especially

"Sibyl," said her hostess as the dinner was drawing to a close, "I have never seen your hair so beautifully done as it is tonight It is charming.

"You are saying that," the singer an-nounced, "because you know that it's a

The hostess was aghast, as she had meant the compliment sincerely. She protested AUTO HUNTING IS EXCITING.

BICYCLE COP TELLS OF THE

SPORT UPTOWN. Women Take Arrest Harder Than Men

-How the Man on the Wheel Catches the Red Devil-Chanffeurs and Others Getting Wary-Mishaps of the Hunter. "They're not as wild as they were," re-

marked the bicycle policeman. But they are still wild enough, and this is why the members of the bicycle squad with posts on Fifth avenue, Riverside Drive and the thoroughfares running north from Central Park don't have to go to the woods to enjoy the excitement of the

There is excellent sport with big game just now, for example, on Eighth avenue, from the park to Macomb's Dam Bridge. With Seventh avenue, north from 125th street, in a state of being macadamized, Eighth avenue offers the most convenient route to Morris Park, and every afternoon a procession of automobiles rushes from Central Park into the Eighth avenue land-

At about 1 o'clock the vanguard appears, and it is at this time that the bicycle policeman takes another hitch in his belt, feels for his stop watch, and sees that his bicycle

is ready for instant action. "Just notice that big fellow slow up, "exclaimed the policeman, hastily interrupting himself in the act of piloting to the sidewalk the last of the little girls hurrying to a nearby school. "The chaffer has me spotted. He's had his eve peeled for me all the way

from 110th street. "When they don't see me down there somewhere they know I'm at this end of the line, and they stand ready to ease up. When they're going out to the track about this time of day I usually stay up here so as to keep them guessin', and when they're comin' back, I'm usually down below

"But this don't follow, by any means. made this statement stared at her in amaze-I'm liable to be anywhere, and this is what troubles them.

"They hate to go slow along here. You see, there's none of the beauties of nature to admire, like over on the Drive, and then a good many of them's afraid they'll miss "On the way back it's worse yet. They've

got to get home and change their clothes for dinner, you know, and most likely they've got appointments for the evening when they see a clear space for a block or two they take a chance and let her out.

"This is where I come in. The other afternoon at about five o'clock I saw a big machine of about forty horse-power pluggin' down the avenue like a wild engine. held the watch on them, of course. "Well, they made a block in nine seconds.

which means about twenty miles an hour I jumps on my bike and am well in motion when they come up with me. "Stop!' I yells. "The chap beside the chaffer says some

thing; they all ducks a little lower-the ladies behind as well- and the machine goes by me like a trotter by a cart horse. But this don't worry me any. I know they can't shake me, even at a thirty mile clip, for a few blocks anyway, and I swings in behind, countin' on the traffic on one of the big cross streets to hold 'em till I come

tatively as Monon before that time was to slow down at 125th street, and I was right at the height of her success when she sang in "Esclarmonde," which Jules Massenet up with them. They seen they couldn't lose me, so they stopped. And then you had written for her during the Paris Expoought to have heard the game o' talk, not sition of 1889. She was beautifully girlish by the men, but by one of the ladies in in those days and the fervent admiration she aroused in the hearts of the Parisians "'Well, if this isn't an outrage!' she says

to the others. Then she turns to me. 'Look here, officer,' she calls out in a fine, Sanderson in "Manon" and the Opéra high-toned voice. 'please let us pass in-Comique was certain to be sold out. Miss stantly. We have an appointment to dinner to-night, and we're late now. We can't "I'm sorry for the dinner, madam.' I her greatest success in this same opera of

says, as polite as I knew how, believing Massenet's But she has never taken her that it's the right thing to be a policeman predecessor's place in the hearts of the and a gentleman at the same time, but your chaffer, anyway, will have to stop long enough to come around to the station house cial success of American girls that Miss and be bailed out.' Sanderson, who was much more popular

"'But that's impossible, officer,' she answered; 'he's the only one that can run the machine, and this engagement is very important.

"'I can't help that, madam,' I told her, extravagance. But her family are said 'I'm here to do me duty. ' "'Well, did you ever hear of anything so outrageous!' she says to the other lady.

Then she remarks to me again, in a way that would freeze you: 'You seem to be great on duty, officer. Do you always do it as well as this?' "The crowd that had gathered thought it was funny to see the lady get mad.

"'For heaven's sake, Nan, keep still. We can't argue the matter here,' says the young fellow in front. 'Go ahead, officer We'll follow you to the station house.' "It didn't take them more than five min-

utes to fix up the bail papers-the young fellow owned a lot of real estate—and then they got started again, the lady that did the talkin' still tellin' the others what an outrage it was. "It's usually the ladies that has the most

to say when I'm forced to take an automobile party to the station house. They even get highly indignant when I trail their machine for a little way to give them warnin'.

and secrecy floating over the tragedy. Miss Sanderson's name was mentioned, although she declared then, as in subsequent cases, that her name had been dragged into the affair by the Continental press without the least shadow of justification, as she had not even known Prince Baudouin.

It was certainly true that her name was on the least pretext dragged into all kinds "'There's a policeman who seems to be followin' us,' I heard one of them exclaim one day. 'What right has he to? It looks as if we was under arrest.'

"And yet they're not all so squeamish about the respectful attention of a fairly good lookin' policeman like me. I was comin' up pretty close to an automobuggy one afternoon to tell the fellow at the steering gear to ease her off a bit, when I noticed the ladies tucked in behind had a kind of young and coltish look.

"I sized them up to be a couple of chorus girls off Broadway, and I guess I was pretty near right, for all of a sudden one of them heaved a bit o' candy at me from a box they had between them. Then the other tried her hand at it.

"What's the fun back there?" asks the chap at the wheel. "'Oh, we're feedin' the birds, that's all," says Mamie. Just then I got out from

under, to keep the crowd on the walk from gettin' too much of a laugh on me. "No, I naturally don't like to bother the ladies. Besides, the men take their arrest easier. As a rule they don't say much. except by way o' telling me that I'm dead

wrong if I think they've been goin' beyond

the speed limit. "They may have been travelin' at a twenty-five-mile clip, and yet from the way they talk you'd think they had been hittin' up the pace of a tired turtle. Why, one gentleman that I had down at Special Sessions swore that his machine couldn't go faster than eight miles, and yet it wasn't two weeks afterward that I picks up a paper and reads of him winning a couple of races with her. If what he said was right he must have had her up against

When they try to bluff me about the speed, I don't answer back, but just flash my stop watch at them and tell them to

with most; but, say you ought to have heard; THE JUDGMENT OF THE SAVAGE

or customs.

sorrow:

fluently

candid."

in my eyes.

answered:

desert.

-Happiness in Cities and in Savagery.

whole he disapproves of his critic as much

It is a mistake to suppose that the average

barbarian who visits a big city like New

York or London is overwhelmed by what

spoke Arabic, Turkish, Greek, German,

before he returned to Africa, he was asked:

"I would rather not say," he replied.

"Oh, go ahead, old fellow," said his hosts.

"Tell us of our faults. Don't mind being

"Well, then," he began, "I came to Europe

with an open mind, expecting to see much

to admire. I have been bitterly disap-

pointed. Your system of life is all wrong,

"How's that?" he was asked, and he

"Once, according to the legends of my

will not live in a tent like my fathers.

So he spent

will build me a mighty palace that all

his life gathering marble and stone with

vast toil and cost, and built his palace in

in order to finish it, he had to sell his slaves

and his camels, and waste all his treasure.

At last it was finished, and he, a decrepit

old man, said: 'Now, I will dwell therein,

and all men shall do me honor.' But Allah

ical ingenuity is merely incidental

ing of the Anti-Slavery Society, called to protest against slavery in Africa. I could

you any happier or any better?
"I think not. They seem to me to give you no time to think or to live. I think

our simpler way of living is better.

"At all events, we are freer than you.
We do not have to work and worry as you

The moral, social and legal features of

ween the sexes are regarded as ridicu-

An English doctor named James Alfred

remark from an Afghan nobleman named

"I mean this. An English woman be-comes tired of her husband and prefers another to him. The man who is preferred is called the corespondent.

civilization do not meet with barbarian approval, and the relations maintained

caused the sirocco to blow, and in the twink-

"It was the work of his whole life, and,

tribe, there was a wealthy sheik who said:

tents. It would be discourteous to criticise

But he was urged to speak.

men shall see and admire.

the middle of the desert.

as the latter disapproves of him.

the desert was bred in his bones.

how I had it handed out to me a while ago, "You'd 'a' thought he'd learned to talk | CIVILIZATION AS IT APPEARS TO and by a big millionaire, at that. on a cattle ship. He was goin' to have me run out of the department inside of a week I was to be diggin' ditches. Accordin to him my job wasn't worth the price of

"I held my tongue, and just as soon as I got him up to the desk he calls out: Sergeant, this is the damdest most

dignified cop I ever set eyes on. He ought to be a Judge, but, by heaven. I'm goin to have him broke!' "He was comin' right along with more of the same when the sergeant jumps up out of his chair and tells him that if he don't stop threatening an officer in the performance of his duty, he'll send him back

for disorderly conduct. He cools down

after this, gives bail and goes away, but

without so much as a word of goodby to me. "Another time a gentleman steps up to me on the corner and gets into conversation. After a little while he makes it known that he's a lawyer identified with automobile interests. When we'd been talkin' a bit he wanted to know, as man to man, what was the use of my arrestin' his friends

for little bursts o' speed. 'Maybe they do like to travel over your beat at a little over eight miles an hour,' he says. 'That's natural. What's the use of owning an automobile if a man can't travel in it faster than he can walk?'

With all due respect for your ability as a lawyer,' I answers, takin' on a bit of the professional style myself, 'I want to ask you, man to man, as you say, whether you think it would be wise and sensible for me to arrrange a speed limit of me own? The law does that, and I'm not paid to make it. If you think the law's wrong, get it changed. You can do it easier than

'This happens to be a school corner,' went on. 'Suppose a machine comes pluggin' along at a twenty-mile clip when children are crossin'. If some of them don't get killed they're lucky. If I see a coon on the street with a revolver in his hand, I don't wait till he kills somebody to pull him in. It's the same thing."

'Well, officer,' he says, 'there's such a thing as bein' too zealous. These people are gettin' sore on you.'

"I told him I wasn't paid for doin' detective work findin' out who was sore on me, and this ended the argument.

"Yet you'll maybe be surprised to know that some of these automobilers, especially the young chaps, don't mind bein' pulled in once or twice. I've had 'em yell at me, and start out to give me a race. I've no objections; it's my game, and tefcre we know it we've swung away on a regular home-stretch spurt.

"It's a hot pace while it lasts. I tell you that sometimes when I'm pikin' along the avenue with children likely to run out, or wagons to swing around a corner, my heart's in my mouth. And I don't always git them at that.

"One day when I was hittin' it up a little ox terrier thought he would take a fall out of me. Well, he did. I struck him square in the back as he came out from the curb. and I sailed about ten feet in the air, landin' nicely in a sittin' down position. "I can see the chaps in the back seat

of that automobuggy laughin' now as they dodged into 125th street, and I'll bet they're tellin' their friends yet how they lost me. "It don't happen often that way though. A little brush like this has cost some of them twenty-five. But they don't mind it. As f say, some of the young chaps rather like it for once because it gets their names in all the papers as bein' dashin' divils with their automobuggies. It sort o' puts them in the same class with the Newport swells. "Its only on the wet days that they have

the laugh on me. I can't give them a spiel on account of slippin' all over the avenue on the wet asphalt, and they know it. So they give me a merry smile as they go by.

It is made to fulfill a purpor and its mechanism: you make it to do something. It is made to fulfill a purpor and its mechanism. on account of slippin' all over the avenue on the wet asphalt, and they know it. So they give me a merry smile as they go by.

"That's all right. I have to smile myself. But if I see them in time I jump out in front, and they have to stop or run me down.

"Once when I had a puncture I seen a white machine comin' along like a runaway. I grabbed my bike and began waving it in front of them. They tried to go around me, but I was on the spot. It was like shooin' a bull, but it worked all right. "'Ye're under arrest,' I said. "'What for?' asked the lad with the big

pecks in a surprised and innocent kind of ay. "Why, for pickin' flowers, of course,' I

tells him.
"At this they laughed, and on the way around to the station house the lad with the specks lighted a big cigar and pullin' out another asked me if I was amenable to a small token of his regard. When I told him that I was sorry, but under the present circumstances I couldn't smoke with him he laughed again, and seeing that I couldn't ride my wheel on account of the puncture e invited me to get in and stow the bike

behind.'
"'Do ye want to kidnap me?' l asks him.
"Well, they had a bit o' fun out of it, and t only cost the lad with the specks a ten

"But the chaffers is the boys that don't "But the chaffers is the boys that don't like to be pulled, especially if the boss ain't along. If he ain't had the fun o' the speedin' he don't, as a rule, care about the fun o' payin' the fine. About every time I hold up a chaffer he tells me he'll lose his job if I don't let him go.
"But they're wise boys, the chaffers. They know pretty well where they can take a chance and where they can't. One of them told me the other day that it used

of them told me the other day that it used to be a cinch for them down on Fifth ave-nue along the Park, where there was no cars to interfere with them. But the deoa tment has six extra men down there

now.

"The chaffers try to cultivate the acquaintance of the bicycle cops. They know the names of a good many of us, and some of them have got so they seem to be able to spot us about ten blocks off. It's the plain-clothes men that have been put on in some of the upper precincts that has them guessir'

has 'hem guessin'.

"You see, when a man's without his uniform they have to see his face before they can be sure. This keeps them rubberin' at everybody on a wheel in sight and makes 'em nervous.

"They know us, but by the same token we know them. I've got in a little book the numbers of most of the machines that pass here, with notes such as 'goes slow,' too fast,' and so on. It's a sort of black list I keep, and them that's on it are the ones I usually go after. Gray, who served for several years in Afghanistan as court surgeon to the late Ameer, was once surprised to hear this Amin Ullah
"I don't think it is right for Englishmen
to sell their wives."
"But they don't," exclaimed Dr. Gray.

ones I usually go after.

"But, as I told you a while ago, they know we're on to them now, and they're gettin' tamer. The sport is not as excitin' as it was."

reproachfull and, moreov papers when the doctor.

"What on the doctor."

Flying Machine Progress.

Commandant Renard, one of the military directors of the Park of Aërostation at Chalais-Meudon, speaks hopefully of the recent performance of the Lebaudy flying machine. He says:

"Great progress has been accomplished. It does not seem that M. Juchmes, the captain of the Lebaudy, has achieved anything more in speed than his predecessors, but he has shown immense progress in the matter of stability. His balloon's equilib-rium was so perfect that the wind at no moment had any effect upon it—it held its There was no pitching, no un-

ertainty.

"Thanks to that stability, which shows the great care that was given to the con-struction of the balloon, M. Juchmès was able to remain in the air for an hour and a half. He has, therefore, beaten the second record, that of flying time. Before his trial three-quarters of an hour was the longest flight. The experiment at Moisson is the most interesting that was ever made. urally, he wanted Nasrullah to gc back to his father and tell him what a marvellous country England was, and how necessary it was for Afghanistan to remain friendly

with her.

The Prince failed utterly. Nasrullah was disgusted with the way things are managed in England. According to an Englishman who was in Kabul when he returned, he said to the Ameer in open durber. Bedouin's Preference for the Desert

durbar.
"Behold, it is a country of fools! We -Sale of Wives in England-An Abyssinian's Complaint of Bad Manners can learn little from England save what to avoid. The Queen and the Princes have less power than the eunuchs of your harem. ey do not govern the empire. Scorning the decrees of Allah, the rulers

He's just a poor, unenlightened savage," says the civilized man when he reads in of the land are chosen by hordes of the low-born—the peasants, the pariahs, the weavers and the smiths—as if a horse should his paper that the Akhoond of Swat or some black monarch of Africa has been making history again by opposing European arms say: 'I will have this rider and no other.' "But," said the Ameer, "they have wonderful inventions—steamships, telegraphs, There is another side to the story-the savage's opinion of his critic. On the railways, guns.

"Aye." said Nasrullah, "but they only make life more troublesome to live. These people make toys of their inventions and enslave themselves to them until they think there is nothing greater in earth or heaven than the work of their hands.

"We need nothing of theirs," he concluded grimly, "save their marvellous cannon—that we may be able to keep out the rest of their civilization."

Res Makonnen, the right-hand man

he sees. As a rule, he is disgusted. He goes back to his skin tent in the desert or his hut in the forest fully convinced that Ris Makonnen, the right-hand man of King Menelik of Abyssinia, got a poor opinion of civilization when he visited Europe to attend King Edward's coronation. He was indiscreet enought to wear his Abyssinian costume in the streets of London and the small bears should ride. his way of living is the better, and that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth One acute critic of civilization who vis-

ited London was a Bedouin sheik named London and the small boys shouted rude remarks when he passed by. Nicola Eyoub Tams. He was born and remarks when he passed by.

"It is a land without manners or decency,"
he said, indignantly, "We in Abyssin'a
courteously receive European travellers in
their strange garb, and anybody who
mocked them would be severely punished
by the Negus. Bur when I told an English
prince that his own soldiers had laughed at
me, his quest he only said. brought up in the Sahara, and the life of As a youth he was taken to Cairo and educated at a Mohammedan college there. afterward spending five years at the universities of Heidelberg and Oxford. He

me, his guest, he only said:
"'Oh, you must not mind that; it is a way French, English, Spanish and Persian 'it seems that the princes have no power Knowing civilization and barbarism in this land. The common people—sons of dogs with the habits of pigs—are kings." The courtiers told off by King Edward to look after the Ras tried to efface the thoroughly, he chose the latter and returned to his tribe to spend his life in the sahara in preference to European cities. nemony of his humiliation by giving him a good time. They showed him arsenals, dockyards, theatees, athedrals and every-thing they thought would impress him. It was of no use. He asked the question At dinner in London one evening, just "What do you think of European civiliza-

most harbarians ask "Do these things make you happier or better men?" The theatres and music halls shocked him "I am eating your salt and dwelling in your "How can you go to these places to see

women dance sharmelessly, half clothed?"
he exclaimed. "And not only go, but take
your wives and children! You make
puppet show of vice and then you call us
unrivilized. If this is civilization, if the drunken men who swarm riotously in your streets at nights are produced by civiliza-tion we Abyssinians had better remain Res Mekonnen's disapproval of the sou-

Ras Makonen's disapproval of the sou-brette is shared by most barbarians, es-pecially if they are good Mohammedans. A Moorish visitor in Marseilles was even more shocked than the worthy Abyssinian. "It seems horrible to me," he said, "that your European women walk with uncovered faces in the streets, and talk to me openly and shame'essly as they choose, even con-tradicting their own bushands. But the tradicting their own husbands. But the women on the stages of your theatres-we'l. I cannot think of them without shame. But the This same Moor was taken to a bell in Paris by a French friend. In silent horror he watched men and women dancing to-gether, and at last confided to his friend he opinion that in a truly civilized country ike Morocco such women would be de-

servedly strangled His hostess, taking pity on his loneliness, asked whether he would a re to dance with her; but he sternly refused to have anything to do with proceedings which he considered

ling of an eye the man and his palace were terly deprayed. In an Indian hamlet in Venezuela lives buried forever beneath the sands of the "That is your civilization," proceeded the sheikh, after a pause. "You toil and

In an Indian hamlet in Venezuela lives a well-educated Guaraguanes Indian who once paid a visit to New York. Asked by a traveller what he thought of that city, he replied:

"It is a wonderful place, truly, and full of marvellous things of which I had not even dreamed. But the men who live there must verily be accursed of God and the saints. How can there he any hampiness. strive and worry and struggle and lose all the joy and beauty of life dwelling in smoky cities-for what? That you may become wealthy or famous.
"Usually you fail. If you succeed, you must verily be accurated in that any happiness saints. How can there be any happiness in their lives? They are always rushing to and fro madly, as if a jaguar pursued them. Better the trees of the forest than those tall buildings which shut out find your success worth nothing. You are too old to enjoy: you have wasted all your wer of enjoyment.
"Your civilization is a marvel of ingenu-

"Why do men-wealthy men, I am told "Why do men-wealthy then, I all the more son themselves in those buildings all day long? Is that the way they were meant to live? Are they not wasting their lives in a vain pursuit of gold which will de them no real good?" do them no real good?"

FIGHT FOR TODD'S \$40,000. The Miser Who Bequeathed a Fortune the Woman He Robbed.

ical ingenuity is merely incidental.

"But your greatest machine, civilization, is different. Its processes are wonderful, no doubt, but it serves no useful purpose. It is a colossal waste of effort and eleverness—as if I were to build a steamship in the middle of the Sahara.

"The only justification of civilization would be that it made mankind happier. It does not. So far as I can judge, the Bedouin is a far happier man than the Londoner.

"What can a man know of happiness when he lives in a tiny garret, toils all day in a SYRACUSE, May 23 .- The strange will of George Washington Todd, who left his entire fortune of more than \$40,000 to Mrs. Peter Jordan, whose purse he stole fifteen years ago, is in keeping with his eccentric he lives in a tiny garret, toils all day in a stuffy office or a filthy workshop, and is afraid character. Twice a year he visited this to strike a bullying foreman lest he should lose his job? city and every time he made his appearance on the street he was followed by a crowd Civilization has made you all slaves to one who wondered what Rip Van Winkle had another, and therefore civilization is a fail-ure. If you are not slaves to an employer you are chained to a telephone or a telegraph suddenly come to life.

Todd was in Syracuse last in the first e or a stock exchange ticker. Yesterday I was asked to speak at a meetpart of April. Then, for the first time in his life, he took a railroad train for Hamilton. Ont., near which place he had a sort protest against slavery in Africa. I could not help laughing.

"Slavery in Africa! The meanest slave there is freer than your business man in London. If you want to see slavery, don't go to barbarian lands. Look around you in your own cities. All the institutions of civilization are nothing but chains and fetters.

"Do you remember the Frenchman who said, "It taut saveir garder i' independance du cœur?" A civilized man can't do that.

"Iam going back to my people. I Iam going. of home. He evidently felt that his end was near, for before he left Hamilton he drew up the will which has already been

published. More than thirty years ago Todd made his first appearance at a Syracuse bank. He was tall and ungainly and unwashed. His hair looked as it had never been cut His hair looked as it had never been cut and his ciothes as if they were ready to fall off. On his shoulder he carried an axe, which he had used to chop wood and make fires on his journey, for he had come from Hamilton, Ont., on foot.

At that time he was worth \$15,000, which he had inherited from a relative. When

du caur?' A civilized man can't do that.

"I am going back to my people. I am going to become what you call a barbarian again, simply because I want to be free."

Much the same views were expressed by King Khama, the Christian chieftian of South Africa, when he visited England.

"It is all very wonderful," he said. "I gaze with awe on your steamships and railways, your cities and your machines. But what is the use of them? Do they make you any happier or any better? he appeared at the bank with his axe, a clerk grabbed a revolver and sent a hurry-up call to the police station, thinking that a crazy man had come down from the forests

to clean the bank.

Todd, however, had no belligerent intentions and laid down his axe and produced a well-stuffed wallet, the contents of which he deposited in the bank. After his first appearance he showed up in town his positive mouths to have his book balanced. every six months to have his book balanced up and generally to make new deposits

He continued to walk from Canada and
always trundled a wheelborrow, in which

always trundled a wheelborrow, in which he carried the notions he peddled. He was never known to stop at a hotel on the way, but preferred to live like a tramp.

Todd's faith in investments was broken by his loss on a railroad bond which he bought early in his career. For this he paid \$1,000. Many years after, learning that it was depreciating in value, he journeyed to New York city on foot to sell it. It almost broke his heart when he received only \$282 for it. After that time he was only \$282 for it. After that time he was never known to invest his money, preferring to deposit it in savings banks where interest

"Pardon me, my friend," said the Afghan, reproachfully, "but you know they do, and, moreover, it is published in the newspapers when they do so."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked wrs certain.

It has developed since his death that he was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., where he worked as a farm laborer. At the death of his parents he inherited \$15,000.

The habits of a miser developed rapidly in him. It is said that once he made a here in to work when a farm and agreed to wes certain.

is called the corespondent.

"Straightway the three of them go before the kadl [magistrate] and after much discussion it is decided at what price the corespondent shall buy the woman. The money is then paid to the husband and the shameful story is told in the newspapers. Is that not true?"

This way of looking at civilized divorce gave Dr. Gray a shock. He tried to explain that it was true, but not quite the whole truth. But the Afghan thought the payment of money for alienation of affections very improper. bargain to work upon a farm and agreed to eat only two meals a day on condition that in return he should have a slight increase in pay. For a long time he made trips through the country with his wheel-barrow, getting his meals in return for his wares and sleeping in barns or fields.

wares and sleeping in barns or fields.

The civil war was too much for Todd, and to escepe draft and taxes he left for Canada, where he lived ever after.

About two weeks ago a claim for his money was sent in by Jennie Yarwood of Rome, who said she was a distant relative of the dead man and had a note for \$5,000 given by Todd and never paid. In her affidavit she set forth that she had been unable to find Todd's sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Snyder, who lived near Herkimer, but moved with her family to Michigan many years ago.

Jennie Yarwood says she is a great-granddaughter of a sister of Todd's mother. Since that time W. J. Dingledime, cashier of a bank at Harrisonburg, Va., has written

ment of money for alienation of affections very improper.

"What!" he cried. "Take money as the price of your wife's dishonor, and let her go to the other man! It is abominable! People of my race act differently. If a wife prefers another man, the husband kills both of them and washes his honor clean. That is the proper way."

When the Shahzada Nasrullah Khan, the late Ameer's second son, visited England some years ago, King Edward—then Prince of Wales—took pains to impress him with the wonders of English civilization. Natof a bank at Harrisonburg, Va., has written to the officers of the Onondaga County Savings Bank asking about Todd in behalf

THE TRICKS OF CHINATOWN.

SIGHTS TO BE SEEN BY COUNTRY VISITORS AT 85 A HEAD.

Opium Smoking and Gambling Gaiore -Once a Woman Committed Suicide Nightly for the Benefit of Sightseers,

but the Pelice Stopped That,

By far the most interesting part of New York city in the eyes of visitors from out of town, is Chinatown, which is invaded by thousands of sightseers every year Ninety per cent. of them go at night and are bent on seeing all the dreadful things which Chinamen and their Caucasian associates are popularly supposed to do As a result this curiosity, a custom of working off frauds on the visitors has grown up in Chinatown, and it has proved to be a highly

profitable business all around Almost everything that visitors to Chinatown see nowadays is more or less fraudulent. Whether the visitors come by night or by day, the greater part of the entertainment provided by their guides is fraudulent, although they never know it and go away satisfied that they have seen the real

thing. The Chinamen who live in Chinatown are not fools, neither are the white women who associate with them nor the white men who pick up a living in more or less questionable ways in the quarter None of the Chinamen, and certainly very few of the women, could be induced to make public display of their private lives for money. but they are not at all averse to arranging little exhibitions for the edification of visitors, who pay well, thinking they are see-

ing the real thing There are fully a score of men of the "Chuck" Connors type who call themselves Chinatown guides. They have fived in the quarter for years, know every man and woman in it, know the gambling dens. the joss houses, the opium joints: in fact, are a part of the quarter and well qualified

to show people about The minute a visiting party strikes Chinatown it is taken in tow by one of these guides. Sometimes the guide meets the party by appointment, for many of them have connections with hotel clerks uptown who tout for them, but oftener the party wanders about until a guide picks it up and makes a bargain to show it Chinatown

Of course, the party wants to see opium smoking, a game of fantan in operation. the quarters of white women who live with Chinamen, and all the other things that are part of the quarter. The guide leads them up dark alleyways through winding hallways where they cannot see their hands before their faces, and finally into little box-like rooms where white women and Chinamen smoke what is supposed to be opium for their amusement. All conversation is carried on in whispers. a good deal is said about the police and other dangers of the expedition, and the visitors are worked up to a proper state of excite-

What the Chinamen and women smoke is not opium at all. Generally a small piece of wax is cooked over the lamp and inserted of wax is cooked over the lampand inserted over the pin-hole of the pipe bowl. A convenient eigarette in the end of the pipe's broad stem supplies the smoke. A few puffs and the snoker rolls over in what app ars to be deep slumber. The guide leads the shivering party out, and warns all hands to keep the matter very quiet.

warns all hands to keep the matter very quiet.

Next he finds a Chinese gambling den in full operation. Fantan, Chinese dominoes and games with the long strip of cardboard covered with Chinese characters, are being played. The table is covered with money, the banker hauls his coins from the centre of the table with his sharppointed stick, and the players suck away at their gurgling water pipes. A carefully arranged protest is maie when the visitors enter, but the guide arranges matters and the play is resumed.

This is just as complete a fake as the opium smoking. The supposed gamblers are just playeating for the benefit of the visitors, but they do it very well, and the visitors, especially the women, for there are women in all of these parties, go away properly awed.

properly awed.

Visits to joss houses, restaurants and alleged dens are made, fake fights occur, dramatic scenes are enacted, and by the time the trip is over the visitors have seen about all they can stand.

For a long time there was a Chinatown woman who used to commit suicide every night for the benefit of visitors. She was a good-looking girl and had a room at the top of a Divers street tenement.

For a long while the fake opium smoking took place in her room. A romantic and touching tale of this girl's downfall used to be told confidentially to visitors by the guides, so that she was an object of special

uides, so that she was an object of special At a certain stage of the exhibition each

At a certain stage of the exhibition each night she would startle the visitors by tossing her pipe aside, crying out, "I am tired of all this!" and then taking a hasty swallow from a bottle labelled "carbolic acid." She would fall groaning to the floor and the guide would hustle the visitors away so they wouldn't be arrested as witnesses. The fake suicide was a howling success

and a great money-maker for the woman who did it. The wardman from the Elizawho did it. The wardman from the Elizabeth street station put the performance under the ban, however, and the guides had to cut it out of their repertoire.

The programme described is gone through as many as a dozen times some nights and the strange thing is that visitors never seem to detect the imposition. They swallow it all with perfect confidence and pay as much as \$5 a head sometimes for the

BADGES FOR BAD BOYS.

evening's entertainment.

A Gerry Society Officer Who Deesn't Betieve in the Parole System. An officer of the Gerry society says he

does not believe in the parole system in use in the Children's Court, whereby little offenders against the laws are allowed to have their liberty after conviction under condition that they make frequent reports to the parole officers. He believes that this parole system reckons without the idiosyn rasy of the boy's nature, which makes a hero of the bad boy, and considers it a distinction to be whipped in

"When I was a boy," said the Gerry man, "we had a certain set to which none could attain who hadn't been punished by the teacher. I remember the first time I had my hands whacked and the difference in the greetings bestowed on me after school by lads whose company I had always wanted to be in.
"One of them is now an editor in Rome

wanted to be in.

"One of them is now an editor in Rome and another is a lawyer of good standing in New York. They were never bad boys, but mischievous, and it was considered the proper thing to take the hardest kind of whipping on the hands without a murmur. We used to rosin our hands daily in order to be in condition to bear stolidly a heavy application of the teacher's ruler. I got it many times, but it never hurt much. Whatever the theory upon which the punishment was inflicted it was a failure. Instead of being considered a degradation by us we regarded a hand whacking as something to be sought. It is true that other good little boys looked upon us as abandoned youth who ought to bow our heads in shame at being publicly whipped. "We regarded it in another light, however, and that is, I am afraid, the light in which the parole badges proudly and are envied by their fellows who haven't had the honor of being arrested and haled before a Judge.

"If it creates anything, this wearing of parole badges, it creates a spirit of emulation to get into the toils of the law, and I think the parole system is likely to increase the number of young criminals."